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Thames and Hudson. £2 2s.

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Three things combine to make the prehistory of Norway a distinctive and attractive field of study. Norway is the most northerly country of continental Europe; it has an extraordinarily long coastline stretching from east of the Varanger Fjord in the north to east of Oslo in the south; and it is composed of contrasted regions. By way of extreme example, Finnmark faces the Arctic Ocean to the north and is connected eastwards with the tundra of Arctic Russia, whereas the Oslo Fjord looks south to western Europe and so down to the Mediterranean, with all the differences in cultural influence this implies. The coastal regions are unusually rocky, but a great fence of islands and skerries makes seaborne communication reasonably easy over its entire length; its waters are filled with fish, and the Gulf Stream preserves it from the worst rigours of an Arctic winter. Inland there are extensive forests, high mountain areas, some of them ice-bound, and a number of genial valleys well suited to crop and animal husbandry. One result of this variety is that the accepted periods of prehistory tend not to coincide in time over the whole country: a second is that Norway is of high importance for a study of the hunter's way of life from the earliest period of human activity there to the Age of Migrations.

The puzzles start early. That hunters and fishers lived in parts of Norway as soon as the recession of the last Ice Age permitted has been known for a good while. There were the Fosna people whose representatives have been traced near and east of Oslo, around Finse in the interior and on coastal sites between Bergen and Trondheim; and the Komsa people further north on the coast of Finnmark. Where did these resourceful first inhabitants come from? Probably the Fosna people and those predecessors of theirs recently put into the Varanger Fjord by Professor Hagen is chary of the hypothesis which would bring the Komsa people in from the east. Any firm conclusion, he rightly thinks, must wait on a much fuller archaeological investigation of the remains. The Nostvold culture is of somewhat later date, and its presumed origins in eastern Norway and the coastal districts of western Sweden have been less warmly debated. The most striking circumstance here is the evidence of extensive quarrying for greenstone carried out by the Nostvold people on the small island of Hespöholm, and its conveyance by boat over treacherous waters to the main island of Bømla, about halfway between Stavanger and Bergen. Such witness to a sustained cooperative enterprise among our early forefathers is certainly impressive, and one hopes it is not sentimental to find it cheering.

Thereafter Professor Hagen pursues his story along accustomed lines, by way of the Neolithic Age and the first farmers, past the sub-Neolithic cultures and the Bronze Age with their marked overlappings, on to the defined periods of the Iron Age—always with the proviso that the less accessible regions of the country lagged well behind the south. Indeed, he speculates whether there was over a "pure" culture in Norway in these early times. Some of his most interesting remarks concern the village settlements by the Varanger Fjord in sub-Neolithic times, for on skeletal evidence the physical anthropologists conclude that during the period 1500 B.C. to the first century A.D. these villagers were of a Nordic racial type, and therefore of the same physical type as the inhabitants of southern Norway—a fact surprising in itself and upsetting to many earlier notions of prehistoric ethnology. It is, by the way, a constant virtue of this brief but authoritative book that it takes account of the latest scholarship and invites the reader to do some thinking for himself. The Lapps, we know, had arrived in northern Norway before the "Norwegians" settled there in the late Iron Age.

As is customary with the Scandinavian volumes of the "Ancient Peoples and Places" series, the late Iron Age is treated sparsely, no doubt to avoid trespass on Professor Arrian's volume about the Vikings. But too sparsely, one would think. There is not even a mention of that famous Norwegian Otter (Ohthere) who discoursed so helpfully on northern geography, trade, and economy to his lord King Alfred. The one personal name in the index is that of the only because it occurs on a coin. Professor Hagen sees the Viking Age as the last phase of Norwegian prehistory, which to many historians must appear a highly preemptive point of view. But this is an archaeologist's book and a very good one. It has been competently translated by Miss Elizabeth Seeborg, and is appositely illustrated with 75 plates and 75 text-figures after the fashion of its valuable series.

At a time when archaeology is popular as never before, and when it is increasing our knowledge of the past at an unprecedented rate, it is not easy to recall how recent this all is and how much of it is owed to Sir Mortimer Wheeler. The excavational techniques which he perfected between the wars on sites such as Verulamium and Maiden Castle and to the standards of meticulous, imaginative presentation which he set in publishing them. These have become so much a part of the common stock of archaeological training that their source is often forgotten. Worse, in the hands of lesser practitioners they can, and all too often do, become an end in themselves. Sir Mortimer does well to remind us with his customary vigour that the purpose of excavation is neither the magic accumulation of random information about the past nor the enrichment of museums. We dig up objects to learn about the people who made them and used them. People not things. To Sir Mortimer it is above all the humanity of archaeological studies that gives them value today.

Another fundamental requirement is the creative imagination that leaps boundaries, whether they be the boundaries that divide the traditional disciplines or simply the physical boundaries imposed by geography. In his introduction Professor Sir Mortimer Wheeler, in his preface to this collection of essays, articles and addresses composed over the past twenty years as so many by-products of a busy working life, written more for the writer's own pleasure than for the edification of others. A few of them may be just that. But most of them are a great deal more. They will be treasured by future historians for the vivid glimpses which they offer of the personality and prejudices of one of the outstanding exponents of twentieth-century archaeology; and among them are half a dozen lectures and addresses that deserve to be read and reread by all who are concerned with the study of man's past.

One essay in particular should be obligatory reading for every archaeologist student. Entitled "Archaeology and the Transmission of Ideas," it illustrates from the historical point of view the gulf that may separate the techniques of the past from the ideas that once informed them. Thucydides long ago remarked how little a traveller would understand of Sparta who knew it only from its scanty monuments. Today how much could an archaeologist have deduced of the beliefs of the Great Moghuls from the remains of a building such as the great palace of Fatehpur Sikri, near Agra? In the latter instance it is the idea of them that has travelled, but not its outward forms. Very often, as in the classifying art of non-western India, it is the forms and not the ideas. We have to judge each case on its own merits; and if at times the result of such thinking is to sweep away the tidy fabric of past speculation, it is better to be poor but honest. In recognizing its own limitations, archaeology has come of age; and it is very opportune that, as one of the godfathers of this new science to the humanities, Sir Mortimer should put his ideas about the lines upon which its further development should be based.

There is another way of looking at the same fascinating phenomena. A long time Protestant theology was in the doldrums. Every now and then theologians burst into the popular market with little books purporting to show how Christianity could escape from its swaddling clothes of romance into an adult Christianized humanism. They were having the secular without any clear notion of what they praised, or were asking for a lay theology without having that from, say, Baron von Hügel to C. S. Lewis had always been there and had been remarkably good. All the while Rome had remained aloof from the Protestantism about the death of God, and with no more than a sideways glance at efforts to close the scandalous divisions that stemmed from the Reformation. Then all at once Pope John called a Council with *aggiornamento* as its theme, and the whole picture changed overnight. It is still changing.

These two widely differing books are typical of what is taking place by way of reaction to the Council on the theological and the more popular side. First there is a report of a conference, attended by eminent Roman Catholic, Orthodox and Protestant theologians, devoted to a joint examination of the Council's Constitutions to determine their meaning and their possibilities for the future. There is no evident quality of outlook, but it is sometimes obvious that there was a feeling that speakers were handicapped by Rome's past. There was too much of the old; Vatican I and even Trent could not quite be forgotten; and there is a general impression of exasperation which sometimes verges on

explaining away. There are with-
jects, for example Marian theology, which the Conference seemed to face with some reluctance.
Mr. Paul Blanchard has great vigour and often caustically, but he is on the side of the angels. His book is like an appeal to the Roman Church to face facts even though facing them could involve a drastic reassessment of the past. He knows too that criticism of Catholicism is by no means confined to Protestants but comes loudly and irrepressibly from Catholics. He wants this ancient Church to deal sincerely with such problems as those posed by modern Marian theology, by the insistence upon a celibate priesthood which historically has always been a source of trouble, by the inexplicable system of indulgences or by the autocratic Papacy. He feels that while such criticisms are tacitly ignored, the real faith of the Church by which it lives is inevitably obscured. The book is easy reading and sometimes entertaining.
But to return to the theologians. Neither the Council itself in "The Constitution on the Church" nor the papers at the Notre Dame Conference completely faced what is probably the most serious problem posed by the Roman Church in the modern world. It is possible to regard at least as relatively unimportant questions about worship, celibacy, mixed marriages and contraception or even about developing doctrine and the biblical control of tradition. Such questions are made almost intractable and certainly much more difficult than they need be by the fundamental issue of the nature of the Roman Church. It confronts the world as at once the final ecclesiastical authority and as something tantamount to an international political state, with at least theoretical political authority of an unassailable quality. Essentially its concern is with, so to speak, its own national welfare, their social and moral welfare, their education, their ecclesiastical property. But that concern, resting on an absolute ecclesiastical authority, brings it into political difficulties. It finds itself forced into disagreement with the policies of

other states, but it has to negotiate concordats with them; and some of the modern concordats have been notorious. No Christian society ought to have had to present the "Golden Rose" to Mussolini after the shocking conquest of Abyssinia or to overlook the Nazi massacre of the Jews, to secure toleration for its own nationals. It has to deal with states which do not accept its august claims and therefore to proceed as a secular state among others, which is exactly what it claims not to be.
But the problem of an absolute Church is not only political; from start to finish it infected the Council and it infects the papers read at Notre Dame; for how could a Church, whose position had been emphatically declared at previous Councils, say now that in the past it had been mistaken? Politically and theologically its thought was a closely knit system of remorseless logic, a chain in which each link supported the next; and change, even in such a matter as the use of Latin, seemed not only to the Curia but also to many members of the Council as a weakening of the total absolutist position. The bishops, anxious to be freed from too much inopportune interference by Rome with their dioceses, asked to have a position with the Pope in the Church's government, and they succeeded—but with the Pope's central authority carefully guarded. They found that their claim impinged upon everything else. The Church had to be extremely careful about what it reformed and how it did it, lest the whole structure should be imperilled. The same difficulty arose over Maria Theresia; it looked as though some progress had been made at least in the direction of cautious explanation, but after the Council had dispersed the Pope surprisingly made a pilgrimage to Fatima (intentionally a shrine awkwardly placed politically) and it was difficult not to think that all was as it has been before.
The nature of the Church and its position in the world is the governing factor of Paul Blanchard's book. He writes with an indignation that is unfair and misplaced, as though in spite of its theological and political history the Roman Church could

IN THE WAKE OF LEIF ERIKSSON

J. R. L. ANDERSON: *Vinland Voyage*. 278pp. 16 plates. Eyre and Spottiswoode. £2 5s.

Mr. J. R. L. Anderson, the assistant editor and yachting editor of the *Guardian*, was inspired by the publication in October, 1965, of Yale University's *Vinland Map* "to try to rediscover America by the old Norse route via Iceland and Greenland, of about one thousand years ago" with the object of establishing the whereabouts of Vinland. He sailed from Scarborough on May 2, 1966, in the forty-four-foot cutter *Griffin*, built nearly twenty years earlier as a racing yacht, with five companions, including Lieutenant T. R. Lee, R.N., a specialist in navigation, and steered by way of the Faeroe Islands, Iceland and Greenland to a safe landfall at Martha's Vineyard on June 27. Being a good journalist, as well as an enthusiastic Vinlander, Mr. Anderson has recorded the story of the quest in a book which makes a splendid addition to the literature of deep-sea voyages in small boats.

Following the best tradition in English writing about ships and the men who go down to the sea in them, he tells in plain and unadorned prose the story of the preparations, of the daily routine and of the *Griffin's* battles with the North Atlantic and her own defects. These were serious: a faulty rudder which was repaired at the Faeroes, an unreliable engine which never responded to treatment and a mainsail which was repeatedly split. Even though undertaken in the summer months the voyage, like those of sixteenth-century English seamen in the northern latitudes, was a rough and uncomfortable business. The *Griffin* met high winds, ice, and perhaps most frightening of all, fog. Mr. Anderson still has a vivid recollection of the sickly fear which beset him while on watch, lest the bows of a great ship should suddenly loom out of the fog above the fragile hull of the cutter.

The aim of John Anderson's endeavour was not to test himself, but to test the literary evidence for the Norse Vinland voyages against practical experience in the waters where those voyages were made. Whether or not his findings are entirely acceptable, the value of the enterprise is undeniable. He and his companions have done more than confirm the probability that the Norsemen reached north America; they have demonstrated the improbability of their not having done so. Like all searchers for Vinland, he has determined views about its location; arguing persuasively, but in an undogmatic and unpretentious fashion, in favour of Martha's Vineyard. The case rests in the last resort upon an interpretation of the topographical and navigational indications found in the Norse sagas. It must, therefore, in the nature of things be inconclusive. Nevertheless, until the whereabouts of the Vinland settlement is confirmed beyond doubt by archaeological evidence, men will try, and rightly so, to discover it, as Mr. Anderson has done, by an approach from the sea. Few, however, will write as good a book as this about their adventures in the trucks of Leif Eriksson.

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THE VIKINGS AT HOME

JACQUELINE SIMPSON: *Everyday Life in the Viking Age*. 208pp. Batsford. 25s.

There will surely be a welcome for Miss Simpson's scholarly and pleasant book. Interest in the Vikings has grown considerably of late, and may be expected to grow further, so it becomes imperative that we should see them whole rather than in part, and not from too constricted a southern viewpoint. They were fine sailors, and their voyages to Iceland, Greenland, and America have been credible as never before. They were famed soldiers and pirates, too, but historians in Great Britain and western Europe now chronicle their adventures with more insight and less indignation than used to be the case. We are increasingly aware of their role as traders and farmers, and this in itself should reduce prejudice and

remove misconception. In short, we are learning that the Vikings were men first and Vikings second, cast in the mould of their time, and under the usual human compulsions to make a living by land and water, by agriculture, fishing and hunting, services and manufacture, trade and tribute, and the profits of war. How did they prosecute these activities? And what were they like at home? These are the questions Miss Simpson seeks to answer for the period c. 790-1050, with chapters on agriculture, houses, and costume, trade, voyages and markets, and the goods they dealt in; weapons and the profession of arms; the classes of society and the bases of family life; games, entertainments, arts and

crafts; religious practices and funeral rites. An alphabetic sampling of part of the index is another way to savour the range and variety of the matters discussed: animals (domestic), beds, cosmetics, drink, earthenware, furs, games, hangings, and horse-fighting, and so forward to Ulfricht swords, vengeance, women, and Yule. Her sources are documentary and archaeological, and she provides an abundance of reliable information in a clear, assimilable fashion. The likelihood of revision in the immediate future may be that of religious belief and practice, where we may be forced to make still more drastic revisions from the late saga evidence which Miss Simpson treats with a very proper caution.

A few years ago, by way of an awful warning, a Scandinavian periodical, as lively as it is learned, produced a composite and "typical" figure of a Viking in full panoply. It then proceeded to demonstrate that no such animal had ever existed, and that he was a product of the romantic imagination. No reader of Miss Simpson's volume will ever again see the Vikings in any dress. Her text is supplemented by more than 120 illustrations, and the drawings made by Erik Wilson are exactly what is required. It would be helpful to have more

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FELLOW

J. I. M. STEWART: *Vanderlyn's Kingdom*. 288pp. Gollancz. 25s.

It is always a relief to read a novel by such a complete professional as J. I. M. Stewart, even though, as here, it falls short of complete achievement. *Vanderlyn's Kingdom* is basically about the dangers of trying to organize and direct the creative life of an artist when one has no intrinsic feeling for the end product. The narrator, Jeremy Sheldoff, a young Oxford don, forms a strange friendship with a rich American couple, Bernard and Louise Vanderlyn. Louise is interested in forming some kind of educational foundation. When Sheldoff next meets Vanderlyn, Louise is dead and Vanderlyn is practising her theories on an Aegean island where he has instituted a study haven for artists among whom is the brilliant young Mark Varley, a former Oxford acquaintance of Sheldoff's. Vanderlyn is married again, to a young and beautiful wife, Gemma. He is also obsessed with Mark, treating him as a second son, forcing his talent, putting him in an impossible relationship with Gemma. Tensions gather; the boy cracks under the strain of having his slender talent smothered in an unfamiliar glasshouse, never being allowed to be himself. He is also helplessly in love with Gemma, implicated with Bernard's stepdaughter (by Louise), and antagonized by Gemma's Greek boy favourite. Finally, fate, in the form of an earthquake, takes its toll.

Always engrossing in a welcome, explicit style, the book never really breaks the skin of the problems it attacks. It is as if too much were explained: too much that should be hinted at and felt obscurely is taken out, examined and deprived of its basic mystery. The Oxford setting is consummately, if sometimes sentimentally, done; the high table conversation convincing and worthy of its subjects; the level of concern unflinchingly high. But one is always conscious of an intelligence stooping to make itself comprehensible to the General Reader, a determination to make all things clear whatever the cost.

MELLOW

CITAM BERNANT: *Subsiding in the Rain*. 157pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.

Subsiding in the Rain makes its appearance rather belatedly. It should be strictly summer holiday reading or—so slight is it—bank-holiday weekend reading. The book is the reverse of compulsive reading. Yet the author claims in an "Historical Warning" which takes the place of a preface, that its purpose remains at least semi-serious, "a protest against the pace of change and against instant everything, including instant—indeed, constant—sex. In essence, it is a sign for mellowness."

Unfortunately Mr. Bernant's targets are only too obvious. His central character is a Conservative chocolate manufacturer, with a fat, querulous and vaguely dissatisfied wife, a daughter who is a "pseudo-problem", particularly with respect to her passivity, and a son whom he regards with some reason as "an imbecile". The chocolate maker's main ambition is to standardize the shape, flavour and wrapping of chocolates throughout the nation of the world; hence the founding of "Incor-Choc", a tiny and indeed ineffectual body which nevertheless allows the author to tilt at the United Nations, the Foreign Office, the Common Market, television interviews, parties for gossip-column "personalities", the *New Statesman* (by the foundation of a rival called the *Old Statesman* with a leader headed "Ostracized Virtues"), the law, and a private school which is but the dimmest dim shade of Llanabba.

Most of the jokes are on the level of: "I'm all for sex, if, perhaps, in an old-fashioned way. I like it to be conducted through the usual channels" (or when the manufacturer explains how he feels after being shot through the stomach) "My colon has been reduced to a semi-colon". Sweetness and light and mellowness? If so it is the sweetness of the soft-core and the lightness of the Light Programme and the mellowness, after all, of the nutmilk.

GREY COMEDY

ROBERT TROOP: *The Hammering*. 269pp. Michael Joseph. 30s.
MICHAEL ORSLER: *The Imperial Room*. 253pp. Longmans. 25s.

Two books that deal in different ways with an increasingly inhuman and impersonal world. Robert Troop and Michael Orsler have both turned to black comedy and ironic farce—always a deliberately dehumanized form—to express a growing concern with the chaos and greed, futility and selfishness lurking beneath the civilized suburban surface. Mr. Troop's hopeless put-upon hero is Peter Horensen, an assimilated Jewish investment consultant who fails to take his own advice over a little titter and lands himself in debt to the tune of £3,800; a deliberately pathetic sum by city standards, but enough to destroy his own communitized security. He appeals for help to his domitory-town friends, but all importantly demand increasingly surreal returns for their aid, ranging from advice to a mad old American in his scheme to take over the town and put back-bone into the British, to study duty for a well-bred but infertile ex-Air Commodore, the scion of the golf club and symbol of the decaying British upper class. In the end, Horensen, rejected alike by wife (who sees his tragedy as a means to personal fulfilment in the charity field), children (who never noticed him much anyway) and friends, he retires to contemplate the muddy banks of the Thames.

The sterility of commuter England, indeed the sterility of England itself, is fair enough game, as indeed is man's inhumanity to man; but both these themes eventually elude the author, one because the English class system is seen, and imperfectly understood, from outside (the author is Canadian by birth and education) and the other because what the blurb calls his "almost casual intellectual strength"—that is, the power slickly to shape many an amusing quotation for his own ends—is no substitute for an organizing intelligence. The most opaque transatlantic verbiage trends on the heels of pertinent observations. Control

INTERPENETRATIONS

JAMES KENNAWAY: *Some Gorgeous Accident*. 194pp. Longmans. 25s.

Some Gorgeous Accident involves primarily three characters. The first is Link, a one-time ace news-photographer who has covered wars and crises all over the world, but who is now going downhill: he is hard-drinking, complex, introspective. The second, Fiddle, is a dedicated doctor running a vaguely unorthodox clinic for the mentally as well as physically sick. He conceals a deep humanitarianism behind a laconic, withdrawn manner. The third is a girl, Susie, beautiful, generous, vulnerable. She is a born victim.

All three are lonely, all potentially self-destructive, and potentially destructive of one another, yet each is searching for contact, for love. Mr. Kennaway's technique is to show dramatically their juxtaposed self-

revelations and their varied and various responses to events and to their own inter-relationships. At first this approach may appear staccato, for there is no straight story line, but it is very skilfully handled; the links are of atmosphere and tone. The feel of London, swinging in the void, is excellently conveyed—the pseudo-excellence, the mocked and mocking "hip" language, the wrecked telephone kiosk, the casual love affairs. And underneath it "the canyon of loneliness". But you have to keep going. And you can always move on, to Rome, or Paris, or New York, or the East. "The world," as one exiled Lithuanian describes it, "was a chain of displaced camps that were more comfortable than they used to be."

MADLEINE RILEY: *A Spot Bigger than God*. 190pp. Gollancz. 21s.
MONICA STIRLING: *The Signifier of a Dornhouse*. 239pp. Collins. 25s.

Two girls are gripped by the Life Force and at odds with their mothers. Genny, the tiny dark one, is the child of a North Oxford lady, dedicated to promoting miscegenation; of course she falls for a dull white Catholic philosopher. Rose, plump blonde with a narrow convent background, drops into the arms of Deleap, an Indian student with an arranged marriage awaiting him in Bombay.

The story is taken no deeper than rather obvious contrasting of the two girls and the ups and downs of their affairs; will religion be allowed to stand in the way of true love? Genny has Mitty daydreams and a temper; Rose is cheerfully absorbed herself by pretending to be Kestiana. Somehow they lack charm and spirit (one thinks of early Edna O'Brien girls); too cowed by the need to catch their man at all costs to be interesting. Monica Stirling's tale of a child psychiatrist's clinic in Bavaria, refuge

GIRL MEETS GIRL

of Karen, a suicidal young film star, is presumably meant to be something of a modern fairy story. Doctors and nurses divide into beneficent and evil camps with a wonderful simplicity. The rich, disturbed patients are comic, touching, picturesque. In their troubles and fantasies. Among the "many literary allusions" Hans Andersen predominates, and it may be that the author is working a vein of interest aroused by her recent biography of him. Certainly she is at her best in the faceless passages; less sure and convincing in her presentation of the sane.

Three new novels have appeared in Arco Publications' Fitzroy edition of the works of Jack London. They are *The God of His Fathers*, *Marlin Eden* and *The Jucker* (25s. each). *The Star Rover* (the title under which *The Star Rover* originally appeared in America) is also published by Collier.

FAIR COPS

KENNETH GILES: *Death and Mr. Prettyman*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.
BAUS H. DEBI: *Fancy's Knell*. 156pp. Gollancz. 18s.
JOYCE KILMER: *The Chinks in the Chain*. 191pp. Cape. 18s.
HENRY CALVIN: *A Nice Friendly Town*. 150pp. Hutchinson. 18s.

A few years ago it looked as if a new generation of writers such as Kenneth Giles was going to give new life to that always promising form of thriller, police detection. What seemed to be promised was a certain realism, of people, of environment, and of the work itself, and a more serious pursuit of the material, unbound by formula.

Too soon, the hopes have been disappointed, and Mr. Giles' new book, *Death and Mr. Prettyman*, is a useful type-example. Harry James, who showed substantial promise as a Detective-Sergeant in the first book, *Some Beans No More*, has settled down into sub-Alleynian, with fancy waistscoats and a nice little wife (she may be the girl of the first book, but is so undifferentiated she might be anyone). The pair of them have a cosy Officer/C.R. relationship with the comic bibulous Sergeant, and a passion for high-sounding but somewhat peculiar dishes (distinctly odd to egg-and-broadcumb wine-soaked goose and then put it in a white sauce), and the usual line in stale, sharp marital back-chat. Scotland Yard is peopled with avuncular superiors, kind hearts 'neath crusty exteriors—we recall Miss Marsh's Superintendent Yeo—and there are backgrounds of London and sub-city types, best achieved, long ago, by Margery Allingham. There's quite a substantial plot, this time to do with lawyers and trusts and an apparent Jill-the-Ripper, and with a more palatable framework, a good book was here. But as with so many of its mates, the general tone is vulgar and knowing in a Sunday-supplement way. In short, police detection is still a guide to not very gracious living rather than—but it is not for the reviewer to say what it ought to be, only miserably to record that it still is not it.

The corrupt township is a favourite theme in American thrillers; in *Fancy's Knell* the corruption is a kind of sexual arrangement one can imagine being approved of by American sociologists if discovered in primitive tribes. But in the southern town of Bellefonte this dark secret craves so much shame and rage among the prosperous middle classes

CRIMINUSCULE

LILIAN JACKSON BROWN: *The Girl Who Could Read Backwards*. 191pp. Collins. 16s.

More and more Siamese can appear in United States detective fiction; but this is a better set than any and a real help to the aging newsreader in solving the arduous murders in the Midwest town.

ELLIS PETERS: *Black is the Color of My True Love's Heart*. 139pp. Collins. 16s.

Young Dominic, son of Detective Superintendent Fehs, is a first-class weekend in a fine (old) county college, together with his friends. They have met and studied them before, and their loving and passionate as the old ballad is, sound off in the background. Peters is a good thriller-writer, but his characters are less craft; his title is absurdly long.

POP. ART

JAMES BLISH: *The Seedling Stars*. 185pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.
M. K. JOSEPH: *The Hole in the Zero*. 192pp. Gollancz. 21s.
BRIAN W. ALDIS: *An Age*. 224pp. Faber and Faber. 21s.
JOHN WYNDHAM, MURRAY LEINSTER, WYNDALE: *3 SF Stories*. 197pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 16s.

Most of the stories that make up James Blish's new collection will be new to British readers, although they were written ten years ago. They confirm him as one of the best live or six living writers of science fiction. The theme that underlies *The Seedling Stars* is Man's efforts to populate the universe, not by transforming hostile environments to suit himself but by adapting himself to alien conditions, while retaining his basic humanity. Blish's "men" are found in these stories in places as disparate as one of Jupiter's moons (where their chemical structure has been altered to one based on ammonia and sulphur) and the bottom of the sea (where they exist in microscopic form). His ability to convey without undue emphasis the fundamental human link that exists between our kind and the alien, in exoteric surroundings, is as flawless as his skill in implying the social and political changes consequent on technological advance.

The first two chapters of *The Hole in the Zero* suggest that Professor Joseph is the most stylish writer of satirical SF since Vonnegut. Boss Kragg, a lycan, his daughter Helena, and his heir Merganser arrive at the edge of the universe for a trip into Chaos. They are met by the local warden Paradine, who lives in a cliché setting tended by a robot who impersonates stock characters of fiction. Once in Chaos, the expedition is sabotaged by Merganser, and the four characters are plunged into a series of episodes, without logic or continuity, sometimes alone and sometimes encountering each other

and Crafts
BESCH, OTTO, with BENESCH, EVA. *Master Drawings in the Albertina*. Translation prepared by R. Rickett and M. Schöde, revised by Felice Sample and Ruth Kramer. 379pp. E. P. Dutton. 10s.

A translation of the German publication which was reviewed in these pages on April 23, 1964. It contains 260 large-scale reproductions, in colour, all of which are of extraordinary quality, of a selection of drawings by all schools, as well as a short history of the collection and scholarly notes on each plate, written by the Professor Benesch, former director of the Albertina. The translation of the author's sometimes inexact prose has been successfully accomplished and reads smoothly. The quality and scope of the collection offers a representative survey of the subject, and it can be strongly recommended to all amateurs.

LOUIS ZADEH. *Art is for All*. 113pp. Mills and Beon. 25s.

Mr. Lindsay has widened the field of *Art for Spastics* with a new book that caters for "less able children". The physically handicapped and the educationally sub-normal. She shows how their sense of personal failure can be overcome by the patient teaching of the mastery of materials. Their variety is displayed in seventy-two illustrations of string puppets, abstract paintings, mobiles, prints, tapestries, and paper mache bowls. Some of them are remarkably original.

WILLIAMS, GUY R. *Making a Minimalist Theatre*. 199pp. Faber and Faber. 25s.

Mr. Williams, a schoolmaster, conducted a handsome model theatre at his school and decided to write a book telling others how they could make one. The colour frontispiece of his model is of a kind to promote interest in his tuition.

Step by step, with the help of clear drawings, the construction process is explained and culminates triumphantly in a drama and a revolving stage. A specimen stage sets include a specimen one of Fagin's kitchen.

W. B. ADULT EDUCATION IN INDIA. 114pp. Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.

An unpretentious little book, written by the Director of Adult Education at the University of Hull, and a thoroughly practical advice to the central and state authorities in India will find most useful.

The problem of adult education in the Indian conditions is a very real one, both for the enormous size of the population and the inadequacy of the resources available to meet it. More than half a century ago, the first of the modern Indian people, the great mass of the population, was illiterate; and the illiterate, as Mr. Stiller rightly points out, is a man who is not a man.

Mr. Stiller's highly points out, that in Europe, because India has a long tradition of non-violence, it is not a violent society. It is a society of the past, and the spread of social knowledge and the spread of social knowledge are the two most important factors in the development of the Indian people. The history is carried down to the present with a final survey of today's emerging and underdeveloped countries. A forty-eight page bibliography and an index complete the book.

POTTS, E. DANIEL. *British Baptist Missionaries in India, 1793-1837*. 276pp. Cambridge University Press. £2 17s. 6d.

This scholarly book, with an admirable bibliography and a comprehensive index, analyses the solid contribution which Serampore made to the Christian missionary endeavour in India. A great deal has been written about the remarkable trio of Carey, Marshman and Ward, and especially about Carey; but all too much of this is based on the religious outlook and perspective of the writer. Mr. Potts, a lecturer in history at Monash University, Australia, is determined to avoid any suspicion that his book is "another Baptist Hallelujah, written by of, and for Baptists". Thus, while he is successful in showing that before 1837 Baptist missionaries had done much to forward the lines of the conducted, and in particular

very different; he, like all thoughtful Indians today, aims at the spread, not of book-learning, still less of western culture, but of a new awareness of the world.

History

BILL, E. G. W. *Catalogue of the Papers of Rammohan Roy (1812-1895)*. First Edition. 56pp. Lambeth Palace Library.

A guide to the contents of the collection of Selborne family and political papers, which Lord Selborne gave to the Lambeth Palace Library in 1962, is now provided in this catalogue compiled by the Lambeth Librarian. The documents, mainly of the last century, are first grouped under dates, and a mere detailed insight into their contents is then obtainable from the index which occupies the great part of the book.

HEDLEY, OLWEN. *Windsor Castle*. 240pp. Hale. 35s.

As a royal residence for 900 years Windsor Castle, originally one of the Conqueror's protective ring of fortresses around London, is so much a part of history that it cannot have been easy to compress the story into a book of such modest length. Within the limits imposed, the task is well done. The additions made to William's fortress by later kings are defined and shown on a map. A chapter is devoted to the foundation of the Order of the Garter (the author is not persuaded by Dr. Margaret Murray that the incident of the dropped garter has any connexion with witcraft and the Old Religion), and another to its pageantry. Literary associations from *The Merry Wives* and Ascham's book on the Garter down to the fictions of Harrison Ainsworth are not overlooked, nor, of course, such accretions of folklore as the legend of Herne the Hunter. And there is a good account of the opening of the tomb of Charles I, in the presence of the Prince Regent, in 1813.

KNAFTON, E. J. and DERRY, T. K. *Europe and the World since 1914*. 474pp. John Murray. 45s.

The final instalment of the authors' three-volume history of Europe since 1450 spans the half-century from the beginning of the First World War to the end of 1964. Because of the shorter time-span the modern history of the leading powers, including Britain, can be examined in closer detail, and the scope is extended to include the United States and developments in Asia and Africa; but the history remains essentially that of the chief countries of Europe. It includes some illustrations and a large number of maps.

MAJOR, J. RUSSELL. *The Western World*. 1,152pp. Muller. £5.

This substantial volume by an American professor of history undertakes more than a factual account of the development of the western world during and since the Renaissance in the arts, science and philosophy as well as in its political and economic aspects. The emphasis is on the social and revolutionary trends that the author discerns in the different centuries, and, bolding as he does that "an interpretative work should be of greater interest than one that merely assembles the basic facts", he sets out to interpret the events as he sees them. The history is carried down to the present with a final survey of today's emerging and underdeveloped countries. A forty-eight page bibliography and an index complete the book.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

[The inclusion of a book in this list does not preclude its subsequent review]

had helped to set off the Indian social renaissance by fostering reforming instincts which remained largely dormant in Indian society, they were scarcely more effective than many of those among whom they laboured. Mr. Potts has a very interesting chapter on the Indian response to missionary endeavour, in which he attempts to explain why the Baptist creed, in common with all other branches of Christianity, failed to secure a firmer hold on the Indian mind. In some cases, it seems, the approach was wrong; more stress was laid upon what Rammohan Roy called "the introduction of mysterious dogmas and of relations which at first sight appear incredible" than upon the positive ethical aspects of the Christian faith. It is among the truest titles to fame of the Serampore trio that they tried to correct this, and their conclusion that the permanent establishment of Christianity in India required the turning over of the control of churches to the inhabitants of the land has been applied ever since by the Church of South India.

FENTON, E. W. *Locomotives in Retrospect*. Second Series. Hugh Evelyn. 32s.

This large, slender book contains ten beautiful colour prints of notable steam locomotives which have escaped the scrapyard and have been preserved, some in efficient museums and some, like the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway goods engine, by private individuals and societies. Mr. Fenton takes enormous pains to get his colours right and accompanies each plate with some sprightly notes. While he offers some familiar locomotive types, such as Ivatt's Atlantic "Henry Oakley", he also remembers the sometimes underpraised, for example, Holden's little 2-4-0s which scurried all over East Anglia and later conquered other territories. However, he is right in naming Stirling of the G.N.R. "Matthew"; and were not the initials of Bowen-Cooke (of the L.N.W.R.) C. J. and not C. T.?

LIBRARIANSHIP

SAUNDERS, W. L. (Editor). *Librarian's Bulletin Today*. 173pp. The Library Association. £2.

Fourteen lectures giving an overall picture of the present state and possible future development of Librarian-ship in this country. They were given by English librarians contributing to a British Council course for members of the profession from overseas held in Sheffield last year. The course was planned and the present record of it is edited by the Director of the University of Sheffield Postgraduate School of Librarian-ship.

LITERATURE AND LITERARY CRITICISM

ADIGAL, ILANGO. *Shilppadikaram (The Ankle Bracelet)*. Translated by Alain Daniélou. 211pp. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

Among the most famous of the surviving works in Tamil is this *Lay of the Ankle Bracelet*, attributed to the third century Jain Prince Ilango Adigal, brother of King Shenguttuvan, who ruled over the western coast of southern India. It is partly a novel, partly an epic; and though the culminating point of the narrative is the unjust execution of the hero on the charge of being in unlawful possession of an ankle bracelet belonging to his own wife, and taken by him into the bazaar for sale to raise money for their joint support, it covers a vast range of folk lore, lyrics, music, drama and religion. The *Lay* thus gives a vivid impression of contemporary life, while its literary merit is such that it deserves to be read as a tragic story. It is possible, as Mr. Daniélou remarks, that not all the detail is strictly contemporary; he does not rule out the possibility of some later additions. Yet the style of the whole is so uniform that it does not give much reason to suspect multiple authorship. The translation throughout reads not only intelligibly but smoothly, and there are few puzzling passages even for those who are unfamiliar with the persons and the places mentioned in the text.

DRAKE, DOUGLAS. *Horror*. 326pp. John Baker. 30s.

Mr. Douglas gives us a quick introduction to the principal human, half-human and once-human sources of horrified delight in literature and the cinema: vampire, werewolf, zombie, mummy (walking variety), synthetic monster and simple, straightforward ghost and ghoul move in rapid succession through his pages. He tends to be uncritical and over-eggs a few, surely, would be his judgement that Lovcraft, of all people, "used the English language in its most perfect and elegant form"—but he makes an amusing, enough master of ceremonies at the dance macabre.

RAILWAYS

CHRISTIANSEN, REX and MILLER, R. W. *The Cambrian Railways*. Volume 1: 1852-1888. David and Charles. 35s.

The Cambrian Railways—plural because they were a consortium of small lines with satisfying names like the Llanddow and Newtown—covered 300 miles of mainly glorious scenery

in the Principality but never served a town bigger than Wrexham. They were never much noted for delighting their shareholders but their history is of absorbing interest both to students of local history and local worthies and, of course, to all students of railway transport. Volume I is a fine piece of detailed research, well presented with some nice humorous touches, and demonstrating yet again what faith (sometimes misplaced), hope and confidence inspired our forebears at the mere mention of a new railway scheme.

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the world of the Empire. They are the essential problems of the human condition, and the experience of the Church in the first centuries, the difficulties, the mistakes, the gradual working towards what might be a permanent solution, is bound to be of real service to missionaries dealing with situations that are often almost disconcertingly the same. There is a grace in the writing and a generous humanity in the thought which should win for the book a wide appreciation.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES

MOLD, FREDERICK E. *Presenting the Fly to the Trout*. 179pp. Herbert Jenkins. 25s.

After some preliminary chapters on tackle and fly dressing, Mr. Mold, under the heading of "application", divides his book into a series of "presentations" as varied as "Presenting Flies in Midsummer Daylight" to "Presenting Some Offerings Under the Bushes". At the end of the book there is a useful Fly Calendar in which the author, though aware of the difficulties of seasonal vagaries and local conditions, places the various flies into monthly commitments, at the same time giving the fly's dressing and how to fish it. Mr. Mold, who is a great advocate for dressing one's own flies, describes the added satisfaction for the angler of fishing with "a bit more of himself", thus making the cost of time and patience so worth while.

THEATRE

VAN DAMM, SHEILA. *We Never Closed*. 191pp. Hale. 25s.

The Whindmill through thick and thin, presenting that curiously British phenomenon a nude show which, the devisers constantly insisted in tones of shock and horror, had no erotic designs whatsoever on its audience. The book is worth reading for, if nothing else, some sublimely dotty exchanges of letters between the management and the Lord Chamberlain's office.

TRAVEL

SMITH, W. GORDON. *Edinburgh*. 96pp. Lutterworth Press. 16s.

Among the many picture-books made about Edinburgh this is a very competent one. The photographs themselves are pleasant without being outstanding, but the historical and cultural text has a tang that is the more creditable in that its subject-matter has been so thoroughly travelled. The end-papers have a useful map, but it is a pity that the volume lacks an index. Apart from this it is a useful book for the stranger to have in and to carry away from the capital of Scotland. It is sad to learn from it that one of Edinburgh's greatest curiosities, the brass J.K. let into the paving stones in the middle of the High Street, which for so many years constituted Knox's mala memoria, should now have been removed elsewhere for what seems inadequate reasons.

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EGYPT, £3.30. FINLAND, 24/50 Fmk. FRANCE, 38F.
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ULSTER 1914

A. T. Q. STEWART: *The Ulster Crisis*. 284pp. Faber and Faber. £2.5s.

Principally, this book examines the events of 1914, when Carson, supported by such political leaders as Bonar Law and F. E. Smith, was organizing a military force and a provisional government in Ulster against the day when the Third Home Rule Bill should become law. But Mr. Stewart looks usefully at the background. He describes the objections of the Ulstermen to Gladstone's Home Rule measure in 1886, together with Lord Randolph Churchill's memorable descent on Belfast, when he adopted *Heavenly Bodies* ("Wave, Ulster, all thy banners wave, and charge with all thy chivalry") and uttered the heady slogan: "Ulster will fight, and Ulster will be right."

Because of this history, the arrival of the Liberal Winston Churchill, then First Lord, in the same city in 1912 to commend Home Rule for the whole of Ireland jarred in a special way as "sheer unlikeness" and angry Ulstermen refrained from turning his car over only because Mrs. Churchill was with him. This visit was really the beginning of the crisis. Two years later there was talk of civil war and Churchill made his belated speech at Bradford, saying that there were worse things than bloodshed even on an extended scale and that if Britain's civil and parliamentary systems were to be brought to the crude challenge of force he could only say "Let us go forward together and put these grove matters to the proof."

By this time the Ulster Volunteer Force numbered something like 100,000 men, commanded by a general whose name had been put forward by Field-Marshal Lord Roberts, and Carson had given his blessing to a scheme to purchase firearms on the Continent. Mr. Stewart recites at some length the exciting story of the negotiations and of the journey of the arms vessels. Lord Milner was one of those who had

been active in collecting funds to nourish Ulster's resistance, and Kipling sent £30,000. Lord Winterston, later Father of the Commons, organized his own force.

Then came the hectic days when a terrible bloodletting seemed imminent. Churchill ordered destroyers to proceed to Lamlash, which faced Belfast, and there was speculation about orders given to British officers at the Curragh. Carson made a dramatic departure from the Commons ("I go to my people") and it was thought that warrants were to be issued for the arrest of the Ulster leaders. There was confusion when Brigadier-General Gough was summoned to London and resolutely insisted on being provided with written assurances from the War Minister that the Army would not be used to crush political opposition in Home Rule.

Gough had the backing of another Irishman in the War Office, Henry Wilson, soon to be Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and when he went back to the Curragh with his document there was an easing of the crisis, notwithstanding the angry Parliamentary debating over the assurances given by Seely. The danger of civil war further receded when realistic consideration began to be given to an amendment which would exclude part of Ulster from the Home Rule Bill. All the same, the Ulstermen were making ready to set up their own administration and had arranged for the evacuation of women and children to England and Scotland.

The coming of European war in August changed everything. The contingent Ulster rebels flocked to join Kitchener's Armies. In a sense the last chapter was written in July, 1916, when the 36th (Ulster) Division behaved with great gallantry in the Somme offensive and thousands of Ulster homes mourned their dead. Mr. Stewart's book is a soberly written and scholarly narrative.

ART AND ACTION

WILLIAM IRWIN THOMPSON: *The Inauguration of an Inauguration: Dublin, Easter 1916*. 262pp. Oxford University Press. £2.8s.

An apt motto for this book might be Yeats's query: "Did that play of mine send out Certain men the English shoo?"

In Patrick Pearse's outstandingly seen influence of the Irish Literary Revival, whose beginning is put by Professor Thompson as 1889, when Yeats published "The Wanderings of Oisín" with the help of translations collected by the old revolutionaries, John O'Leary; and, especially, the ancient legend of the Celtic hero Cuchulainn inspired Pearse, so that his little school had representations all over the place. It is likely that he had Cuchulainn as well as later fighters in mind when he told the court martial which condemned him to death that the 1916 rebels had "kept faith with the past, and banded a tradition to the future."

In "Cuchulainn in Houlahan" Yeats was adopting the theme of the Gaelic verse form, the *aisling*, in which historic, sorrowing Ireland appeared in differing personality

gists. Cuchulainn fled with the young men of Ireland to restore her four green fields taken by the foreigner. "Róisín Rubh" (the dark rose) is conquered Ireland, the Dark Rosaleen of James Clarence Mangan: "Do not sigh, do not weep! They march along the deep. There's wine . . . from the royal Pope Upon the ocean green."

In 1916 it was Germany that was to provide the help which in earlier centuries came from the Pope and from Spain. Joseph Mary Plunkett, executed at the age of twenty-eight, shared Pearse's vision of the post-war and his preoccupation with death. This can be seen in his poems, notably "The Little Black Rose Shall be Red at Last."

Professor Thompson writes from a detailed knowledge of the literary background and of the actual history of the 1916 insurrection and his book is an interesting essay in explaining the interaction of art and action.

THE WAY TO TIPPERARY

SEAN JENNETT: *Munster*. 253pp. Faber and Faber. £2.2s.

Besides his versatile achievements as poet, craftsman and scholar Mr. Jennett has edited guide-books to various districts of England and Wales. Now he has revisited his native Munster and explored it thoroughly. He describes his journeys in this pleasant book, which is not a formal guide yet provides information enough for the leisurely visitor, including an essay on the Irish language. He explains the geological basis of the landscape, and points out that Ireland is not all green. "Weasayds a series of olives, greys, browns and reds, is varied by the purples and violets caused by haze between you and distant hills. He is not ashamed to warn the visitor that, at first sight, much of the inland country is dull and that Irish towns are small and unattractive. "But he has a keen eye for architectural merit and discovers it in many unlikely places, though as he says: "One cannot miss the ruins." He complains more than once that houses are too big or too small for comfort or are unloved, but left standing when the owner migrates, because of the ruling law. About the older ruins of castles or abbeys he can tell us a record some historical memories

though critical of the "irritating custom" that allows the nave or chancel of a roofless church to be filled with weeds and modern graves. Mr. Jennett is however more interested in the living Ireland and notices whatever in the ways of country life would be most unfamiliar to an English tourist, from boats and farm implements to religious processions. He notices too the leisurely friendliness of casual encounters. He begins his journey in Waterford, going south-west through Cork and then exploring all the western peninsulas before he turns north through Limerick to Clonmel and finally comes back to Tipperary. His comments on famous places such as Kilkenny or Cashel are always fresh and pertinent, but his explorations of less known districts point up their merits also. He visited the mountains in the west of County Waterford and thinks they would make good country for climbers, but he also enjoyed the lowlands round Lismore to north-west Kerry, and how it more fully about the other parts of the province except the spectacular south-west of Cork and Kerry.

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